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OF

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS

AND

HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS,

FORMED BY

ALFRED MORRISON.

Hamilton (Archibald, 9th duke of)

2 letters

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BIOGRAPHY.

TEXT.

FROM

42

POEMS

ON

Several Occasions.

Together with the

APPARITION:

A MERRY

TALE.

Cum canerem reges & prælia, Cynthius aurem
Vellit———————————————

Virgil.

LONDON:

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To my WORTHY

BRETHREN,

THE

MEMBERS

OF THE

Staunch Fraternity.

Gentlemen, and Brethren,

I SHOULD not have preſum'd upon this Dedication, had I not repeatedly experienced your extraordinary Candour, in acccepting, and ſmiling on my trivial Performances. This your Good Nature wil'

will encourage me to endeavour at ſomething more worthy of your Notice; and I promiſe you that I will exert my Natural Talent, and ſtretch my Genius to its utmoſt Extent. Tho' there may be much Reaſon, yet I ſhall not apologize any farther for the enſuing Poems: Only as to the *APPARITION*, I think it proper to obſerve to you, that ſuch ſort of Verſe is not very ſuitable to my Genius, and I believe I ſhall never excel in ſuch like Performances.

That the joint Endeavours of our Fraternity may be ſucceſsful to our mutual Improvement in every Branch of Valuable Science, is the hearty Wiſh of,

GENTLEMEN,

Your devoted Servant,

and Staunch Brother, &c.

To the WORTHY

MEMBERS

OF THE

Staunch Fraternity.

WHERE is the Wretch, that wou'd desire to live
Shut from the Joys which Love and Friendſhip give?
If in all Nature's wide extenſive Round
A Spirit ſo deprav'd and mean is found,
Let him no more be nam'd of human Race;
Purſue him, endleſs Shame, and black Diſgrace,
And drive him, like the *Babylonian* King,
To graze with Beaſts, and drink the common Spring.

Whilſt thus, with juſt Reſentment ſtung, the Muſe
To utmoſt Shades the ſenſeleſs Brute purſues,
Her beſt Encomiums ſhe on You beſtows,
From whoſe Fraternal Converſe greateſt Pleaſure flows.

From ſuch Society, ye Muſes, ſing
What ample Benefits and Pleaſures ſpring:
To grace this Subject, ſound your loftieſt Strains,
Proclaim the Mind relax'd from ſlothful Chains,
Henceforth innur'd with energy of Thought,
To reaſon of the Works her Mighty Maker wrought;
To move the Paſſions with perſuaſive Skill,
This way and that to bend the ſtubborn Will,
And ſhew the Elegance of Good to Ill;
Or roam thro' Speculation's latent Field,
Where diff'rent Objects diff'rent Pleaſures yield,

Sometimes the Goddeſs deigns with comely Pride,
To round the Globe by Great *Apollo*'s Side;
Or, pleas'd a ſtill more rapid Courſe to run,
She moves ſuperior to the tardy Sun;
And, e'er he can to half the Nations riſe,
From Pole to Pole, from Earth to Heav'n ſhe flies;
Nor ceaſeleſs Toil her mighty Force impairs,
Nor the collective Weight of many Years;

Progreſſive Vigour on her Age attends,
And her fair Courſe in full Perfection ends.

With Reſolution forward the Deſign,
Be always STANCH, Unanimous, and join
With ev'ry amicable Rule, nor move
From ſtricteſt Precepts of fraternal Love:
Let no foul Vice your worthy Order ſtain,
No Oaths, Obſcenity, or Party-Rage obtain;
But ſportive Wit, and ſolid Learning ſhine,
With Numbers rivaling the tuneful Nine.

Forgive the Muſe, that, zealous in the Cauſe,
Does thus preſumingly preſcribe her Laws;
Tho' only here your Practice ſhe diſplays,
And forms a Panygeric to your Praiſe.
Poetic Rules thus *Ariſtotle* taught,
Drawn from the ſacred Works which *Homer* wrote.

As yet my callow Muſe, with tim'rous Fears,
Scarce from the Earth her flutt'ring Motion rears;
But warm'd and cheriſh'd by your quick'ning Power,
Soon from her grov'ling Seat ſhe'll boldly ſoar,
And ample Scenes of Light, and unknown Worlds ex-
(plore.

TO THE

AUTHOR

OF THE

London JOURNAL.

September 23. 1721.

WHilſt on my Country's Wrongs I turn my Eyes,
Anger, and Rage, and fierce Reſentment riſe;
If in this furious Tempeſt of my Soul
Lightnings might fly, and vengeful Thunders roll,
No more the God-like *Cato* ſhould complain,
Nor *Silvia* mourn her Sufferings in vain;
Vindictive Bolts ſhould redden all the Sky,
And not one Villain but ſhou'd bleed and die.

Then ſudden ſhou'd appear a fairer Scene,
The Earth rejoicing, and the Heav'ns ſerene;
Plenty, and Peace, and Truth ſhou'd clap their Wings,
And *George* more glorious ſhine than all preceding Kings.

If

If theſe my Wiſhes pleaſe—— Indulgent Heav'n,
Their full Accompliſhment be timely giv'n ;
And ſince, by many gracious Symptoms cheer'd,
Our Prayers are anſwer'd, and our Cries are heard,
Glad Hope revives, and with a ſtronger Eye,
Thro' interpoſing Clouds, and fartheſt Sky,
Sees *Halcyon* Days juſt ſtarting from their Goal,
And happy Years interminably roll.

Io *Britannia*, Io *Pæans* ſing ;
Strike, ſtrike the Lyre, and ev'ry vocal String ;
Compoſe the Meaſures of the joyful Song,
And as the dancing Numbers glide along,
To *GEORGE*, to *Cato*, to thy Patriots, raiſe
Eternal Pillars of deſerved Praiſe.

A SONG.

I.

TWO Lovers took their Evening Walk,
About the Setting-Sun;
I chanc'd to over-hear their Talk;
And thus the Swain begun:

II.

See here, *Cloriſſa*, how the Trees
In kind Embraces meet;
Our Pleaſures, till we twine like theſe,
Can never be compleat.

III.

Why do you ſigh, as if my Love
Cou'd mean you any Ill;
Or ought, in all this ſacred Grove,
But my *Cloriſſa*, kill?

IV.

E'en hiſſing Serpents, ſhou'd they meet
Cloriſſa in their Way,
In *Gordian* Circles, at her Feet,
And am'rous Folds, wou'd play.

V.

Or ſhall I count theſe heaving Sighs,
Auſpicious to my Love?
E'en as you liſt: (*Cloriſſa* cries.)
And ſo they roam'd the Grove.

VI.

But how the Moments they employ,
The ſhady Boughs conceal;
And what was hid from ev'ry Eye
The Song can ne'er reveal.

To AMINTA.

(*Written in one of her* BOOKS.)

Ellen was fair; and the bright *Paphian* Queen,
Excell'd in Beauty, and a lovely Mein;
But Vice, and leud Intrigues eclipse their Fame,
And foul Dishonour rests on either's Name;
But my *Aminta* every Charm refines,
And yet with brighter Rays her Virtue shines:
She looks a *Venus*, rising from the Main,
But acts *Diana*, with her Virgin-Train.
Ten thousand Graces round *Aminta* throng;
O might as many Beauties crowd my Song!
The polish'd Verse shou'd then her Pity move,
And soothing Numbers melt her into Love.

But O, the mighty Task transcends my Skill!
I find my Power unequal to my Will!
But am resolv'd for ever to admire
The Harmony that mocks my feeble Lyre.

To SYLVIA.

O Slight not, *Sylvia*, my officious Muſe,
That with this uſeful Lore thy Mind purſues;
Beware, and deeply ponder, e'er you chuſe.

Two diff'rent Paths thy doubtful Steps invite;
One to Ambition leads, (ſtupendious Height!)
To Heaven its haughty Summit ſeems to grow,
And Meteors glide, and Clouds are form'd below;
Anxious my Soul perceives thy Heart's Intent,
Whilſt thitherward thy greedy Looks are bent.
But haſt thou never heard of ſteepy Ways,
And Caves, where never reach'd the Solar Rays;
O'er whoſe dark Wombs the craggy Mountains bend,
And ratt'ling Stones in dreadful Showers deſcend?
Such certain Dangers, *Sylvia*, that Way lie,
And Death, in hideous Forms, is always nigh,
O liſten timely, Sylvia, *to the Muſe*,
Weigh well, and deeply ponder, e'er you chooſe.

This other Path no lofty Proſpect bounds,
Thro' ſilent Groves it leads, and humble Grounds;
Where bleating Flocks beſide the Rivers feed,
And rural Notes employ the Shepherd's Reed,
Ambroſial Flowers in even Meadows riſe,
And cryſtal Brooks reflect the azure Skies;
Where honeſt Swains, and harmleſs Maidens, prove
The pleaſing Joys of undiſſembl'd Love.
If, *Sylvia*, gentle Quiet thou would'ſt have,
A Train of Virtues, and a peaceful Grave,
With winged ſpeed avoid the gilded Snare,
And with thy *Strephon* to the Plains repair;
The Plains, the Vallies, and the ſilver Floods,
Shall hail thee Virgin-Goddeſs of the Woods;
With Bow in Hand, and Quiver by thy Side,
Majeſtic, *Silvia*, graceful thou ſhalt ride,
And, e'er the Morn does higheſt Hills embrace,
The ſounding Clarion ſhall provoke the Chaſe.
Fly, Silvia, *to acquire thy happier Fate,*
And ſhun the dang'rous Glories of the Great.

A PRO-

A PROLOGUE to the Tragedy of *Cato*.

Written on the Occaſion of its being Acted by ſome Young Gentlemen, for their Diverſion.

BRITONS, to Night a Tragic Scene will riſe,
And Tears, we know, will ſtream from virtuous (Eyes.
For who that has his Country's Cauſe at Heart,
But muſt, in ſuch a Sorrow, bear a part?
We needs muſt weep, if we but hear the Tale
Of *Cato*'s Life, and how the Hero fell.

But when the Bard's Omnipotent Command
Recals his Ghoſt from the *Elyſium* Strand,
T'oppoſe the bloody Tyrant, all in vain,
And ſink beneath his Sufferings again;
How heaves our Breaſts with ſympathetic Woe!
What Troubles riſe, and ſtreaming Sorrows flow!

He drew his Sword, not to inſlave Mankind,
Or gratify a wild ambitious Mind,
But ſavage Tyranny and Vice t'oppoſe,
And ſcreen his Country from impending Woes.
Long he ſuſtain'd the Shock of adverſe Fate,
(For Fortune don't on Virtue always wait,)

At length, o'erpower'd and foil'd on ev'ry Side,
By his own Hand the Godlike Patriot dy'd.
Britannia's Worthies equal Fate have known;
Some have diſgrac'd, and ſome have ſhook the Throne;
But be their Annals paſs'd in Silence by,
'Tis Grief enough to ſee one Hero dye.

Thanks be to Heav'n, thoſe diſmal Times are paſt,
And Peace and Liberty triumphs at laſt;
Tyrannic Sway is baniſh'd *Albion*'s Shore,
And lawleſs Rule ſhall plague our Land no more.

Securely then indulge to Mirth and Eaſe,
And whilſt your Eyes behold ſuch Scenes as theſe,
Bleſs the kind Hand that your Deliv'rance wrought,
And cruſh'd the impious Powers which your Deſtruction (ſought.

So when tempeſtuous Huricanes ariſe,
And ſable Clouds obſcure the cheerful Skies,
Impetuous Guſts and rumbling Thunders hurl'd,
And livid Lightnings flaſh around the World,
Increaſing Horrors ſeize the watching Swains,
They fly the trembling Flocks, and dreadful Plains:
But when the Storm and deaf'ning Thunders ceaſe,
And the fierce Elements are ſooth'd to Peace,
The Sun extends his joyful Beams again,
The Shepherds ſmile, and dance along the Plain.

The WISH.

MIGHT I my higheſt Wiſh of Heav'n obtain,
A Mind contented, and a tuneful Vein;
Contentment, that from true Religion ſprings,
And Poeſy, that ſtill unweary'd ſings:
Who wou'd, might covet Wealth and Luxury,
Here wou'd be Happineſs enough for me.

What winding Mazes ſhou'd my Fancy roam,
And ſtill bring ſomething new, and pleaſing home!
In Sylvan Scenes and Groves, whoſe ſolemn Shade,
For Study ſeem, and Contemplation made,
My buſy Soul, ſuch Numbers ſhou'd prepare,
As might be pleaſing to th'Almighty's Ear.
His Praiſe, before, ſhould wing my higheſt Strains,
And pious Echo's reach the diſtant Plains.
The diſtant Plains, and everlaſting Hills,
Deep Foriſts, flow'ry Vales, and murm'ring Rills,

And Torrents, that impetuous roll along,
Shou'd furniſh ample Subjects for my Song:
Nor ſhou'd it be confin'd to earthly Things;
The Muſe ſhou'd ſhake her Plumes, and ſtretch her Wings,
And urge her Way to thoſe empyreal Groves,
Where Poet-Angels ſing their heav'nly Loves.
There wou'd ſome ſocial Spirit deign t'impart
The Rudiments of their cœleſtial Art;
Joyful the Muſe ſhou'd leave the happy Place,
In Pity to the ſavage human Race;
And with the Potent Muſic of her Lyre,
With Love and Friendſhip, ev'ry Breaſt inſpire.

Amphion thus began his ſacred Song;
The Woods, and Rocks, and Mountains dance along,
And Streams, that roar'd with an impetuous Tide,
Without a Murmur, thro' the Vallies glide.

THE APPARITION: A Merry TALE.

Gorgon's *and* Hydra's, *and* Chimera's *dire*, Milton.

YOUNG *Gubbin*, e're the God of Day
Had chac'd the Shades of Night away,
Whose Silence deep, and sable Gloom,
Make all Things terrible become,
Arose; and thro' the Forest wide,
With nimble Expedition hy'd.
To *Leicester* Town his Errand was:
'Twas Market-Day——but let that pass——
The many Frights and Fears, to say,
That he encounter'd in his Way,
The Muse essays——Each Bush and Brier,
A Spectre seem'd, or Phantom dire;
And his own clumping Tread did feel,
As if a Spright was at his Heel.

To

To ſmother and allay his Fears,
He mumbled over, thrice, his Prayers,
And croſs'd his Arms, and Breaſt, and Face;
And then he whiſtl'd *Chevey-Chace*;
And gan to roar out *Robin Hood*;
The Carol echo'd from the Wood,
Which added treble to his Fear;
He durſt have ſworn his Ghoſt was there:
And that his Quiver, Silver bright,
Glanc'd thro' the Leaves a trembling Light.
In vain he ſtrove, by Arts like theſe,
His panic Terrors to appeaſe;
They gather'd round him but the more,
And ſtung him fiercer than before.
As Bees, inſtead of a Retreat,
Do rally at the Kettle's beat.

So on he far'd, in diſmal Sort,
Quite deſtitute of all Support:
No Brandy, or reviving Gin
To raiſe the drooping Spirits within,
Or baniſh thoſe, without away,
That triumph'd o'er the tardy Day.

With trembling Feet, and throbbing Breaſt,
And Hair erect, he came at laſt

To

To th' utmoſt Verge of *Grooby* Wood,
Where antiently a Cottage ſtood;
Where did I ween full oft repair,
The Lads, and eke the Laſſes fair,
To taſte of *Jenny Hyem*'s Ale,
And dance, and play in *Grooby* Vale.

Now *Jenny Hyems* was, be't known,
A Virgin almoſt Forty-one;
And whilom many Suiters had;
But ſhe, obdurate, cruel Maid,
Was deaf to all their am'rous Lore,
And ſlew, unpity'd, full Threeſcore.

Theſe Stories, to the liſt'ning Fair,
She'd tell, and wiſh 'em to beware;
Leſt they, like her, unwiſely Coy,
Shou'd mourn th' irrevocable Joy;
When Time had withen'd all their Charms,
And weary Woers fled their Arms.

† Yet even in her Beauties wane,
She boaſted ſtill a Captive Swain;
And oft at home they'd bill and talk,
And often wou'd at Even walk,
Where many a Brook, and many a Grove,
Did form delightful Scenes of Love.

But the diſſembling Swain, I tro,
With ill Intent, did *Jenny* woo ;
For when he found her in his Power,
He choſe a fond, unguarded Hour ;
Made all her Maiden Charms his Prey,
And then, relentleſs, fled away.
The Moon behind a Cloud was hid ;
Aſham'd to view the guilty Deed.

Forſaken thus, and ruin'd quite,
She wail'd to the regardleſs Night ;
And curſt the Stars that rul'd her Birth,
And all the faithleſs Men on Earth.
'Till frantic with her Grief and Rage ;
Nought cou'd the Hurricane aſſwage,
But the dear welcome, welcome Stream,
In which ſhe plung'd——as it ſhou'd ſeem ;
And in one Night, by Fortune croſt,
Her Maidenhead and Life ſhe loſt.
Now conſtant as the Night comes round,
Her Spirit roams the neighb'ring Ground ;
As all, who in the Hundred live,
Report ; to whom we Credence give.

To this ſame Place was *Gubbin* ſped,
(As, but two Pages back, was ſaid.)

And now *Aurora* 'gan t'appear,
And ſtreak the Heavens here and there;
Which might have cheer'd him, had he been
A Mile beyond the haunted Scene:
But here the Goddeſs only ſerv'd
To make the Viſion more obſerv'd:
For as he forward caſt his Eyes,
The Phantom, ſudden, ſeem'd to riſe.
It had a Milk-white Garment on;
Its ſaucer Eyes like Comets ſhone;
Mov'd half a Field at ev'ry Stride,
And, groaning, ſhook the Circuit wide.
What ſhou'd he do? —— to fly, were vain.
He turns—— then Pauſes—— then again
Reſolves the Journey to purſue,
And dare the horrid Interview.

Strange Offspring of a fickly Brain,
That muſters up a hideous Train
Of black Ideas, to affright,
And rob the Soul of all Delight!

Thus *Gubbin*, at the Phantom ſhakes,
That his Imagination makes;
For what he ſaw, was real Life,
E'en the next Miller's handſome Wife,

That

That with her Meal-Bag trip'd along,
And humm'd t'herſelf a rural Song.
They met—— but *Gabbin*, with Surprize,
Star'd round, nor durſt believe his Eyes.
The ſmiling Dame perceiv'd his Plight,
And quickly ſet his Judgment right:
She ſqueez'd his Hand—— his Fears retir'd;
And being with her Beauty fir'd,
And ſomewhat more familiar grown;
On the next Bank he lay'd her down;
And by ſure Symptoms underſtood
She was no Ghoſt, but Fleſh and Blood.
She too was pleas'd—— till perfect Day
They lengthen'd out their am'rous Play;
And then with mutual Promiſe giv'n,
To meet, as they return'd at Even,
Swift o'er the parting Cauſeway run,
And wiſh for the declining Sun.

F I N I S.

W.N.H. Bib. Bodl. HARDING